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# A Day and a Night.



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GREAT LIBEL CASE. Mock Trial; 1 Scene; 2 hours.....	21
RIDING THE GOAT. Burlesque Initiation; 1 Scene; 1½ hours	24

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

# A DAY AND A NIGHT

A Comedy in Two Acts

By AGNES C. RUGGERI

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NEW YORK  
DICK & FITZGERALD  
18 ANN<sup>c</sup> STREET

8635  
29 R9

# A DAY AND A NIGHT.

## CHARACTERS.

DOROTHY BRICE....*With idealistic notions on the subject of  
boarding houses*  
MRS. MARY CLANCY.....*Her Aunt*  
JENNIE.....*Ex-waitress of Kidd's, on duty as maid*  
GERTIE WARBLER, *singer*  
ISELLA BELT, *demonstrator*  
THEODORA SWEET, *anti-suffragette*  
CONSTANT RAGE, *suffragette*  
DISSA PLINN, *teacher*  
JULIET MCBETH, *actress*  
MAMMY SUE, *colored cook*.....*Authority on fried chicken*

} *Applicants for a cozy,  
comfortable home*

TIME.—The present. LOCALITY.—New York City.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—About one hour.

TMP 96-007131

## COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

DOROTHY BRICE. A pretty, enthusiastic, young girl. Dainty dinner dress. SCENE II. A pretty kimona and night cap.

AUNT MARY CLANCY. A sensible, middle aged Irish woman. Black silk dress, old-fashioned in cut, Paisley shawl, bonnet, eye-glasses which she wears on top of her head most of the time, also carries bag. SCENE II. Night cap and kimona made more on the order of an old-fashioned dressing gown. She is the embodiment of affection for her niece and disapproval of her scheme. On no account must the part be burlesqued.

JENNIE. A typical, quick lunch waitress, puffed and curled. Rather short black dress, high heeled slippers, very small white apron, white cap. SCENE II. Pretty kimona and night cap. Hair in curl papers. Pert manner with a suggestion of impudence.

THEODORA SWEET. Beautiful afternoon or dinner dress, bouquet of violets, and parasol. More dainty touch to her costume than to those of the other boarders. SCENE II. Pretty kimona and night cap.

JULIET MCBETH. Dinner dress and evening cape, large plumed hat, roses, tall parasol. Quite stagey in the first appearance. SCENE II. Pretty kimona and night cap.

GERTIE WARBLER. A little on the "country" style. Plain tailored costume, white shirtwaist, or if preferred, a dinner dress covered with a long coat which is removed after first appearance. SCENE II. Pretty kimona and night cap.

ISELLA BELT. A typical, smartly gowned, well fitted business woman. A trifle aggressive in manner. SCENE II. Pretty kimona and night cap.

DISSA PLINN. A decidedly tailor made gown. SCENE II. Pretty kimona and night cap.

CONSTANT RAGE. A decidedly tailor made gown, wearing under her jacket the "Votes for Women" badge. SCENE II. Yellow kimona bearing the word "Votes" in large black letters.

MAMMY SUE. Gay wrapper and bandanna, large gingham apron. SCENE II. Bright flowered kimona.

**INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES.**

Large pie on pie plate for DOROTHY.

Dishpan with potatoes, small knife for peeling, carving knife and steel, towel with needle and thread, bag containing gingham apron, pepsin, and soda mint lozenges for AUNT MARY CLANCY.

Plate with small piece of pie, napkins, and large dinner bell for JENNIE.

Handkerchiefs and lorgnette for THEODORA SWEET.

Book and candlestick for JULIET MCBETH.

Music roll and neckwear for GERTIE WARBLER.

Hand-bag containing atomizer and belts for ISELLA BELT. These belts are ordinary red belts with hooks and eyes for fastening quickly, and have a straight piece sewed to the center back, which piece should have a pin in it to attach easily to the wearer's collar.

Shirtwaist for DISSA PLINN.

Five small yellow badges and one large suffrage badge for CONSTANT RAGE.

Large tray covered with napkins for MAMMY SUE.

Door bell. Grips and suit cases for all boarders.

**STAGE DIRECTIONS.**

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means right-hand; L., the left-hand; C., the center of stage; D. C., door in center of rear flat. D. L., door at left of stage. D. L. C. door left center of rear flat. D. R. C., door right center of rear flat Up toward rear of stage; Down, toward the footlights.

## A DAY AND A NIGHT.

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SCENE.—*Private sitting room of DOROTHY BRICE. Door at C. with portieres. Door L. leading to kitchen. Door right center of back, leading to dining room. Door left center of back. Sofa UP L.; rocker down L.; Morris chair R.; small table at back with drawer containing napkins; table R. C. with copies of Ladies' Home Journal in evidence everywhere. DISCOVERED DOROTHY BRICE kneeling on chair back of table. In her hands Ladies' Home Journal spread out so audience can see cover.*

DOROTHY (*reading*). "Take two good sized dry goods boxes and place them end to end. Any girl who is handy with a hatchet can fasten them together. Stain the structure a dull, artistic green. Buy 47- $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of cheese cloth, stencil it after our pattern No. 4756 which may be had for ten cents, and gather it on very full. This will make a dainty and appropriate dressing table for any girl's room." I think I'll make one, I'm just dying to begin on all those lovely ideas. (*Bell rings. DOROTHY goes to portieres to meet AUNT who ENTERS, D. C. ushered in by JENNIE. EXIT JENNIE D. C.*) Oh, Aunt, I'm so glad you've come. This is the grandest scheme, but I need you to help me get things running. (*They sit on sofa*)

AUNT (*untying bonnet strings, etc.*). I got your letter, darlin' but what on earth makes you want to run a boarding-house?

DOROTHY. Oh, Aunt, this isn't to be a regular boarding-house, it's to be a home, a real, cozy comfortable home for self-supporting women.

AUNT. And are you going to have no min'?

DOROTHY (*indignantly*). Men! Aunt! Why, men can't appreciate dimity curtains like those I'm going to put up, and portieres looped up with pink bows, and sweet lingerie

pincushions that I'm going to make, and those lovely what-ye-may-call-ems I was reading about when you came in. (*Goes to table and gets Ladies' Home Journal and shows AUNT as she talks*) Isn't that pretty? That's a dressing-table made out of two dry goods boxes. And I've got some splendid money saving ideas. Now look at this. A home made strainer for the kitchen sink may be obtained by punching holes in the lower part of the sides of a tomato can by means of an awl and hammer. I haven't got an awl, but I'm going to get one.

AUNT. Sure, darlin', I'll give you a nickel for the strainer; don't go smashing your hands up with hammers and awls and the like of that.

DOROTHY. And do you see this lovely easy chair? Doesn't it look comfortable? That's made out of a barrel. I've got one of them upstairs, made it all myself.

AUNT. Well, all I have to say is, don't put it in my room. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I don't want any of your chiffoniers and barrel easy chairs. If you've got an old mahogany bureau that won't fall down when I look at it, give it to me.

DOROTHY. Oh, and that reminds me, Aunt, I don't know what I'm going to do with you to-night. So many answered my advertisement that the house will be full, and I haven't had a chance to fix up your room. I'd ask you to take my bed, but it isn't a bed, it's a couch that closes up in the day-time into a shirtwaist box, and I know you don't like that kind of furniture.

AUNT. No, dear, I do not. I will take the Morris chair right here into this warm corner and make myself comfortable for the night.

DOROTHY. That will be fine. Now what do you think of my scheme?

AUNT. Well, I'm your mother's sister and I'll stand by ye, but I think ye're laying in a lot of trouble for yerself, givin' a crowd of strangers the run of yer house—sure, they'll be walkin' over ye. Was that one of the boarders that let me in?

DOROTHY. Oh, no, that was the maid. Isn't she stylish looking? She used to be a waitress in Kidd's restaurant. The guests will have their first meal here this evening. I wrote each of them to come about five o'clock, because I wanted to get *your* first impression of them, too. (*Ring at*



door bell, R.) There goes the bell now. It makes me real nervous. Here comes my first boarder.

AUNT (*opens bag, takes out large gingham apron, puts it on and rolls up sleeves*). I'll start right in and get something for them to eat. [EXIT L. to kitchen.

ENTER JENNIE D. C.

JENNIE. The first lady has come. Shall I show her into the parlor or here?

DOROTHY. Show her right in here.

JENNIE. Well, here she is. (*Ushers in GERTIE WARBLER as if she had been standing right at the portieres*)

[EXIT D. L. C.

ENTER AUNT *from kitchen, with dishpan of potatoes. Sits in rocker and peels potatoes.*

GERTIE WARBLER (*gushingly, with New England accent*). Oh, haow do you do? You know I think your advertisement was just too sweet for anything. Cozy and homelike, that's just what I'm looking for. You know I'm having my voice cultivated.

AUNT (*aside*). Lord knows, it needs it.

GERTIE. And I've been living in those studios where musical people congregate, and d'ye know, I got awful homesick.

DOROTHY. Oh, indeed!

GERTIE. Yes, I got so tired of putting the gas stove behind a fancy screen and arranging the bookcase so it would hide the coal scuttle. My, you have no idea how I long for a plain old-fashioned home with real furniture in it. (*DOROTHY looks crestfallen*) I am sure I am going to like this amazingly. (*Bell rings*) It looks so homelike to see the cook (*AUNT starts at word "cook"*) peeling the potatoes right in here. (*Bell rings*)

AUNT. By the same token, I guess she not only peeled potatoes but dug them as well in her day.

GERTIE. You won't mind, will you, if I practice my singing lessons about the house?

DOROTHY. Oh, not at all. Make yourself perfectly at home. (*Goes to D. L. C.*) Jennie, show this lady to the red room. (*Bows her out D. L. C. then calls maid quickly.*

ENTER JENNIE D. L. C.) Jennie, take that barrel easy-chair out of her room and put in the mahogany rocker quick. (*Bell rings*)

JENNIE. Yes'm. There's a whole mob outside waiting. Shall I show them in in a bunch, or do you want each one separate?

DOROTHY. Well, about two at a time.

[EXIT JENNIE D. L. C.]

AUNT. I see ye have a colored cook in the kitchen. Couldn't ye find any decent Irish girl that wanted the place?

DOROTHY. Oh, Aunt, she's a regular Southern Mammy. She can fry chicken, and— (*Loud voice from kitchen is heard singing "Dancing on the Mississippi Landing" accompanied by shuffling of feet. Business of regular Southern plantation chant*)

AUNT. She's the real article, sure enough.

DOROTHY. Oh, go quickly Aunt Mary and stop her.

[EXIT AUNT L. to kitchen.]

ENTER ISELLA BELT and THEODORA SWEET, D. C.

ISELLA BELT. Are you the lady of the house? Well, I'm coming to board here. (*Noise in kitchen stops abruptly.* RE-ENTER AUNT from kitchen immediately, with satisfied expression) I'm a demonstrator by profession. (*Opens bag with a snap, takes out atomizer, sprinkles perfume in DOROTHY's face*) It's the newest Japanese perfume. Kikusan. I also have a very useful little novelty which no lady can afford to be without. It is a patent adjustable belt, no hooks or eyes, no buttons or buttonholes, no clamps or fasteners of any kind. (*Puts it around DOROTHY's waist, pulling it tight with a jerk*) Nothing to come undone, nothing to get out of order, keeps the waist down (*Jerks waist down*) and the skirt band up (*Another jerk*) also keeps the collar in place. (*Another jerk*) Now I will pay you my first week's board in advance, minus the fifty cents for the belt. I won't make you any charge for the perfume.

ENTER JENNIE D. L. C.

DOROTHY (*recovering herself*). Take this lady to the blue room.

[EXIT ISELLA BELT and JENNIE D. L. C.]

(*During the foregoing the AUNT has been eyeing*

THEODORA SWEET, *who in turn has been examining everything in the room with a lorgnette or eye-glasses. As ISELLA BELT goes to the door THEODORA SWEET is at the extreme R.*

AUNT (*going to DOROTHY and indicating ISELLA BELT*). I'd put her right out. I wouldn't have her in the house for a minute.

DOROTHY. Oh, never mind, Aunt Mary. She did sort of take my breath away, though.

THEODORA SWEET. Well, my dear, I may as well tell you I disapprove very strongly of that young woman. She is a product of these degenerate times. I am bitterly opposed to the modern woman. I like the old-fashioned girl with lady-like accomplishments, singing— (*Voice off scene starts scale practice, off the key, and by the close of the next speech, ends in a shriek*)

AUNT. There's one o' them now.

THEODORA. Playing, and so on. I have no sympathy with the women who want to vote. I think a woman's place is at home. I will be in Albany next week fighting the Suffrage Bill. (*Practice outside ends in shriek*)

AUNT. Well, if that's one o' the old-fashioned accomplishments, I'm glad it went out o' style.

THEODORA. And then there's another thing. I think your maid is careless. (*Loud singing of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and shuffling of feet from kitchen*) Mercy! What's that noise?

(EXIT AUNT *determinedly into kitchen; noise ceases immediately and abruptly.*)

DOROTHY. Oh, it's the cook. You know she's a real Southern Mammy, and I suppose she's used to singing as she works.

THEODORA. Used to it! You shouldn't allow it, and as I was saying, your maid is careless. (RE-ENTER AUNT, *who sits down, hemming towels*) That chair is an inch thick with dust, (*Aside to audience*) and it's my private opinion, the mistress is not a bit more careful than the maid.

DOROTHY (*rather coldly*). Don't you want to go to your room? (THEODORA bows. DOROTHY goes D. L. C. and calls off) Jenny, show this lady to the yellow room.

THEODORA (*in horror*). Yellow! No, don't show me to the yellow room. That's the detested color of the suffrage badge. Now, if you have a pale violet—

DOROTHY. Yes, I have. (*Calls off*) Show this lady to

the violet room. (AUNT meantime has been examining the chair that was supposed to have been covered with dust)

[EXIT THEODORA D. L. C.]

AUNT (*angrily*). Why didn't you tell her ye could run your own house to suit yourself? Sure, you've no spunk at all. You're not a bit like your mother or your mother's people.

DOROTHY. Well, but Aunt, if I talk like that they'll all leave. You know they *mean* well enough—their intentions are good.

AUNT. Yes, and there's a warm place that's paved with good intentions.

ENTER JENNIE D. L. C.

JENNIE. Don't you want to see the other ladies now? They're gettin' kind o' peevish, havin' to wait so long.

DOROTHY. Yes, show them in. [EXIT JENNIE D. L. C.]

AUNT. That cook says she has no orders for dessert. Will I fix up a bread pudding for ye?

DOROTHY (*proudly*). Oh, no, the dessert is ready. I have made a pie.

AUNT (*in surprise*). Made a pie! Why, I didn't know you knew how.

DOROTHY. I didn't know how till this morning, but I followed the cook book instructions exactly, and it came out a beautiful golden brown on top.

ENTER D. L. C. DISSA PLINN and CONSTANT RAGE ushered in by JENNIE. EXIT JENNIE D. L. C.

AUNT (*aside*). Well, the Lord help them! I'll bet it's as heavy as lead. [EXIT L. *into kitchen*.]

DOROTHY. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting but I have been very busy. (*Sits at table*)

CONSTANT RAGE. I can quite understand you would have a good many applications for board here. I think the hall will be a delightful place to practice my speeches.

DOROTHY (*surprised*). Speeches!

DISSA PLINN. Oh no, I noticed as I came in that the hall is not properly ventilated. The windows should be opened top and bottom, instead of at the bottom only, as at present. I suppose you can make any changes I may require in my room to improve the ventilation? (DOROTHY opens her

mouth to speak. *Sharply*) Rise when you answer, please. (DOROTHY *does so, suddenly and mechanically*) Oh, I beg your pardon, I forgot. (RE-ENTER AUNT L.) I thought you were one of my children.

AUNT (*aside*). One of her children! It's a sanitarium she's looking for.

DISSA PLINN. You know I suffer so dreadfully during the day for want of fresh air in that close stuffy schoolroom with that new system of ventilation that they're trying to install that I simply must have a well aired room in my home.

DOROTHY. Oh, then you're a teacher?

DISSA PLINN. Yes, I am connected with the public schools of this city.

CONSTANT RAGE. A teacher! (*Shakes hands warmly*) We are kindred spirits. We stand shoulder to shoulder with the teachers in their fight for equal pay. (*Turns back her coat, showing yellow ribbon with "Votes for Women"*) I am sure you are one of us.

DISSA PLINN. A suffragette! Any cause that will work for justice to the women teachers of New York has my hearty support. Why, if you'll believe me, there is a man teacher who has the next room to mine, and his class is in an uproar all the time. I have to go in five or six times a day to quiet them, yet he draws his twenty-eight dollars while I get a miserable eighteen. Doesn't it make you wild?

CONSTANT RAGE. My dear, it's the same in all walks of life. I am glad I met you. (*They walk UP*) We will go right into the parlor and talk things over. I have a speech which I have to deliver to-morrow, and I want you to look over the grammar and composition and see that it is all right.

DOROTHY. Don't you want to see your rooms?

[EXIT CONSTANT RAGE and DISSA PLINN D. L. C. *both ignoring* DOROTHY.

ENTER JENNIE D. L. C. DOROTHY and AUNT look at each other in amused surprise.

DOROTHY. Isn't there another lady?

JENNIE. Yes'm.

DOROTHY. Well, show her in, and then prepare for dinner.

[EXIT JENNIE D. L. C.

AUNT. Well, my dear, so far you've got a girl with a voice that needs to be filed, and that Anti-suffragette who don't

like your housekeeping, and when that last couple meet her and they get to telling each other what they think of each other, well, I feel sorry for them dainty curtains and that home-made furniture, for, judging by the looks of them, they won't mind throwing it at each other.

DOROTHY. Now, Aunt, it will all adjust itself. They'll get along beautifully, you'll see.

CONSTANT RAGE (*off scene*). From the earliest ages man has been a tyrant (*Cries of hurrah and clapping of hands*) and even in the so called days of chivalry, men's supposed gallantry and courtesy were mere subterfuges to throw dust in the eyes of the too easily blinded women of that far off age. (*Cries of hurrah and applause*)

ENTER JULIET MCBETH D. L. C. with JENNIE, who hastily  
EXITS D. L. C. in the direction of the speech.

JULIET MCBETH. I am sorry to be late, but I was detained. What's going on here?

VOICE OFF STAGE. But we are casting off the shackles of our bondage, and rising, Phoenix like, from the ashes of a dead tradition.

DOROTHY. There's a lady here who makes speeches in favor of the suffrage cause. You don't mind, do you?

JULIET. Oh, such matters do not concern me. I should like to board here (*Applause dies down*) that is if——

VOICE OFF STAGE. It is the duty of every woman to stand by the colors. Let the one incentive of all your thoughts and actions from this time forward be "Votes for Women." (*Cries of "Bravo," "Hurrah" and clapping of hands*)

JULIET. As I was saying, I should like to live here, if you have no old-fashioned prejudice against my profession.

DOROTHY. What is your profession?

JULIET. I am an actress.

AUNT (*aside*). That's the last straw.

JULIET. At present, owing to the jealousy and narrow mindedness of theatrical managers, I have a mere thinking part in "Manila" the new musical comedy. Have you seen it?

DOROTHY. Oh, yes, I like it very much.

JULIET. Well, I am the third girl from the left in the second row in the Nile green satin hobble. But I aim higher than that. It is my ambition to play the queens of tragedy,

Lady MacBeth, Lucretia Borgia, Juliet—now I don't think Julia Marlowe gives the right impersonations at all—if I——

DOROTHY (*interrupting*). I am sure I shall enjoy listening to your renditions, but don't you want to go to your room now? It's so near dinner time.

ENTER JENNIE D. L. C.

DOROTHY. Jennie, show this lady to the green room.

[EXIT JENNIE and JULIET D. R. C., and DOROTHY D. C.]

AUNT (*aside*). I don't like to hurt her feelings, but I looked at that pie and it's enough to kill a strong man. It weighs a ton. I'll just get out that (*Opens bag*) pepsin and some soda mint lozenges, and have the doctor's telephone number handy in case he's wanted in the night.

ENTER D. R. C. THEODORA SWEET, *with two or three handkerchiefs in hand.*

THEODORA (*crosses to D. L. for kitchen*). I am just going into the kitchen to wash out a few handkerchiefs.

[EXIT L. *into kitchen.*]

AUNT (*aside*). Oh, ye are, are ye?

ENTER D. L. C. DISSA PLINN *with shirtwaist in hand. Same business as THEODORA.*

DISSA PLINN. I'm just going into the kitchen to press my shirtwaist.

[EXIT L. *into kitchen.*]

AUNT. That's right, Miss. The whole lot of ye can go into the kitchen if ye like. Make yourselves at home. (*Voice from kitchen, cook singing "Dancing on de Mississippi Landing."*)

ENTER D. L. C. GERTIE WARBLER, *same business as preceding.*

GERTIE. I'm just going into the kitchen to freshen up some neckwear. I think you always know a lady by the way she keeps her neck.

[EXIT L. *into kitchen.*]

AUNT. True for ye. Sometimes ye can tell her by her cheek.

ENTER D. R. C. JULIET MCBETH *carrying book.*

JULIET. I'm just going——

AUNT. Into the kitchen, ma'am. Go right ahead. The kitchen's only six foot by ten, but it'll accommodate ye all easily.

JULIET. The kitchen, no—I can't get the proper atmosphere in the kitchen. I want to study the balcony scene. May I study in here?

AUNT. Yes, ma'am. Ye may do anything ye like in here. (JULIET sits R. quietly studying, gesticulating, etc.)

ENTER D. R. C. ISELLA BELT.

ISELLA BELT. I'm just going into the kitchen to sell these belts. By the way, why don't you——

AUNT (*belligerently*). No, ma'am. I won't wear them and ye needn't think ye can sell me one either.

ISELLA BELT (*laughingly*). Oh, all right. (*Starts for kitchen, meets CONSTANT RAGE who ENTERS D. L. C.*)

CONSTANT RAGE (*abruptly*). Are you interested in the cause?

ISELLA BELT. Surely, what cause?

CONSTANT RAGE. Why, woman suffrage.

ISELLA BELT. Why, of course, I believe in it. It's great. You ought to have one of these belts; it has no hooks or eyes, no buttons or buttonholes, no clamps or fasteners of any kind, (*Same business as at first*) nothing to come undone, nothing to get out of order, keeps the waist down and the skirt band up, also keeps the collar in place. Fifty cents, please.

CONSTANT RAGE (*icily sweet*). Just the price of the suffrage badge. (*Pins it on ISELLA BELT's breast.*)

[EXIT triumphantly into kitchen L.

ISELLA BELT (*to audience*). Well, what do you think of that?

[EXIT into kitchen.

ENTER MAMMY SUE from kitchen, L. and DOROTHY from D. C.

MAMMY SUE. Look hyar, honey, I cain't do mah work no-how wif all dem ladies in de kitchen. One o' dem's washing handkerchiefs, puttin' 'em up on de winder panes to dry, shetting out all de light; anudder one of dem's got de flat irons all ovah mah cook stove. (*Voice breaks out in kitchen, off the key and higher than the voice will stand, "Oh let me sing, let me sing, let me sing, a song divine."*) MAMMY SUE



*indignantly*) Dar! Dar's anudder one a settin' in 'de rocker aputtin' rooshing in her collars, but ef I sing a note while Ah'm doing my work, dat lady (*Indicating AUNT, who is perfectly unmoved*) makes me shet up. (*ENTER from kitchen and pass across stage, going out D. R. C., THEODORA SWEET, DISSA PLINN, GERTIE WARBLER, CONSTANT RAGE, each carrying the handkerchiefs, etc. very much in evidence. Each wears the belt sold by ISELLA BELT who follows last, with a satisfied smile*) Dar dey goes! Dat whole bunch was in de kitchen whilst Ah'm a trying to get dinner.

DOROTHY. Well, Mammy Sue, you may sing if you want to, but you must sing very low, and you must not object if the young ladies come into the kitchen. You know if you act nicely toward them, they'll make you little presents from time to time. (*MAMMY SUE smiles*)

MAMMY SUE. Das right, chile, so dey will, lessen dey's stingy. Lord bless mah soul—

JULIET (*starting up suddenly*). O, swear not by the moon—

MAMMY SUE. Lord, chile, I ain't swearing, Ah only said Lord bless mah soul.

ENTER JENNIE D. R. C., *walks about the room collecting Ladies' Home Journals, and EXITS L. into kitchen.*

DOROTHY Well now, Mammy Sue, finish up dinner.

JULIET. "The inconstant moon, that monthly changes in her circled orb."

MAMMY SUE. Dat wuz no swearin'. What's de matter wiv her, anyway? [*EXIT muttering, L. into kitchen.*]

ENTER CONSTANT RAGE, DISSA PLINN, GERTIE WARBLER and ISELLA BELT, D. R. C., *all wearing suffragist badges.*

ALL. Isn't dinner ready yet?

DOROTHY. Yes.

ENTER JENNIE L. *from kitchen with large bell which she rings. She also wears the suffrage badge. ALL rush pell-mell through D. R. C. to dining room, except AUNT, JULIET McBETH who remains absorbed in book, and DOROTHY, who goes leisurely last. ENTER THEODORA SWEET D. L. C. in a great hurry and crosses to D. R. C. to*

*dining room. EXIT AUNT, L. into kitchen. Throughout the next scene the clatter of dishes is heard off R.*

JULIET. "Wilt thou be gone?  
It is not yet near day.  
It was the nightingale and not the lark  
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear—"

ENTER JENNIE D. R.

JENNIE (*goes to center table at back, takes out napkins and calls to kitchen*). Double up on the vegetable soup, one on the French fried, two orders chicken—

JULIET. Believe me, love, it was the nightingale—

JENNIE. Nightingale! I wonder what you expect for eight dollars a week. You're lucky if you get plain chicken. (*To kitchen*) Two sides Boston beans, draw one in the dark—

ENTER DOROTHY *hurriedly* D. R. C. *with napkin*, and AUNT, *also hurriedly from kitchen* L. *with carving knife*.

DOROTHY and AUNT. Don't talk like that about the food.

DOROTHY. Call things by their proper names. Say "one cup of coffee" please, not "draw one in the dark."

JENNIE (*haughtily*). Oh, very well, very well.

DOROTHY. I'm going to get out that pie. (*EXIT L. into kitchen. JENNIE meets MAMMY SUE at L. who hands her large tray covered with napkins. MAMMY SUE also wears yellow suffrage badge. DOROTHY passes proudly through with the pie and EXIT D. R. C.*)

MAMMY SUE. Look hyar, chile, ef dars any o' dat pie left, save me a piece.

JENNIE. All right. [*EXIT D. R. C. into dining-room.*

AUNT (*to JULIET*). Aren't you going to have your dinner?

JULIET. No, thank you, I do not feel like eating just now. You might send up a cup of very weak tea and a piece of pie, that's all I want.

[*EXIT D. C., very much absorbed in book.*

AUNT. Well, I thought the like of her wouldn't touch anything but quail on toast.

[*EXIT D. R. C. into dining-room.*

MAMMY SUE. Ah lak dis yer badge, jes' suits mah complexion.

ENTER JENNIE D. R. C., *with piece of pie.*

JENNIE. Draw three—I mean three cups of coffee, please. Here's your pie, you better take it while you can get it, it's going fast. [EXIT D. R. C. *into dining-room.*

MAMMY SUE (*eating pie*). Golly, dat's mighty good pie. (EXIT L. *shuffling and singing* "One more ribber, and dat one ribber is JORDAN.")

CURTAIN.

SCENE.—*The same. Midnight of the same day. DISCOVERED AUNT asleep in chair L. Screen around chair which hides her from the view of anyone entering the stage, but still leaves her in full view of the audience. A high backed rocker stands R. arranged in the same position and so as to hide any occupant of it from the view of everybody but the audience.*

ENTER L. MAMMY SUE *looking very mournful and evidently suffering from the effects of the pie.*

MAMMY SUE (*DOWN C. to chair R.*). Oh, I'se got de misery, don't know whut's de matter wiv me. I caint go to sleep, an' I caint rest standin' up, an' I caint rest settin' down. Dat room o' mine is freezin' cold. I's jes goin' to camp out hyar fer de night. (*Sits in high backed rocker, groans a few times, etc.* ENTER D. C. JULIET McBETH *with candlestick. She is walking in her sleep. She comes slowly down to table, places candlestick on it, and sighs deeply. MAMMY SUE starting up but not looking round*) Huh! (*JULIET sighs again*) Mah Lord! Sperrits! De house is haunted! (*JULIET groans. MAMMY SUE slips from chair to floor. Business of praying and abject terror*) Good Lord, keep de bad sperrits offen me, Glory Allelujah! (*Keep up the business all through this*)

JULIET. "Yet here's a spot. Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood from my hand. Ugh! It still smells of the blood. Oh—h-h, all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." (*Tragically, and moving nearer the screen*) Who would have thought the old man would have had so much blood in him.

AUNT (*waking suddenly, but thoroughly*). What's that?

MAMMY SUE. Don't let dem lay deir hands on me, O Lord!

JULIET (*tense whisper, but very distinctly*). "There's been murder done." (MAMMY SUE *grovels on floor*)

AUNT. Murder! Save us and bless us!

JULIET (*change of tone*). "You mar all with this starting. You have broken up the good meeting with most admired disorder. What, are you afraid?"

AUNT. Two of them!

JULIET. "Then give me the daggers!"

AUNT (*screams, leaps to chair and calls*). Help, Murder, Police, rouse the neighborhood! Don't let her go! Oh, ho, you villain, you. (*Jumps down and seizes JULIET, who wakes with a start; business of bewilderment and amazement*)

JULIET (*as AUNT seizes her*). Oh, what's the matter, what's the matter?

AUNT. Oh, ye carry it off well, but it won't do you much good.

ENTER *from various doors all hurriedly, in kimonas.*  
JENNIE *in curl papers.* ALL *talk excitedly.*

DISSA PLINN. What's the matter? Who's hurt?

THEODORA. Where's the fire?

ISELLA BELT. What is it?

DOROTHY. Why, Aunt Mary, what's the trouble?

AUNT. Get a policeman, that's the trouble. This rascal just murdered some one.

ALL (*scream*). Murder!

JULIET (*in horror*). Oh, no!

AUNT. Yes, and there was another one o' thim. I heard her talking to him. (ALL *shiver and cluster in a circle*)

ALL. Where's the other one? (MAMMY SUE *peers from behind chair*)

AUNT. Ahaha, there she is. Catch hold of her. (CONSTANT RAGE *promptly pounces on the thoroughly frightened MAMMY SUE*)

MAMMY SUE (*on her knees, to DOROTHY*). Lor', Miss, I ain't done nothin', don't put me in de calaboose, don't put me in de calaboose.

JULIET. Oh, there's a mistake, there's a mistake.

DOROTHY. Why, Aunt Mary, everybody's here, nobody's killed or even hurt.

AUNT. That makes no difference. I heard her say meself "There's been murder done," says she, and then she says "Are you afraid?" she says to the other one, and then she says "Give me the daggers." (*Balance of scene must be played fast*)

JULIET (*heaves a relieved sigh, and begins to laugh*). Why——

DISSA PLINN (*interrupting*). Well, all this excitement about nothing! Don't you recognize those words? She was just play-acting Lady Macbeth.

JULIET. Oh, I must have been walking in my sleep.

ALL. Well, the idea! What do you think of that? Walking in her sleep!

ISELLA BELT. Well, I don't blame her one bit. That pie was enough to make anybody dream of murder and sudden death.

THEODORA. All I've got to say is that a house that harbors a suffragette and a sleep-walker is no place for me.

GERTIE. Nor me. Why, the strain of this night's excitement on my vocal chords is sure to be fatal.

JENNIE. Me too. I wouldn't work in any such spooky place as this for anything.

CONSTANT. Look here, madam, you advertise this as a cozy, comfortable home, but it seems you take in all sorts of people. I demand my money back.

DISSA PLINN. And so do I. I won't stay in a house where my night's rest is disturbed in this outrageous fashion. (*They stand around DOROTHY, indignant and threatening*)

AUNT (*decidedly and emphatically*). Put them all out, bag and baggage. Your mother's daughter doesn't have to take that kind of talk from anybody, not while I have a roof over my head and next month's rent in my pocketbook. (*She holds out her arms to DOROTHY, who starts toward them*)

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